

Wichita Daily Eagle

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE KICKER.

It Pays to Know What You Want—Two Cases in Point.

I admire the kicker. I admire him even when he theoretically kicks me. I have long held that the man who undertakes to walk through this world with meek and humble spirit, will get regularly flattened out and broken in two at least once a month. On the contrary, whoever saw a chronic kicker who didn't live on the fat of the land and have a front seat everywhere?

Thirty of us, men and women, were dumped out on a platform at a railroad junction in Illinois to wait twenty-five minutes for the other train. It was cold and rainy. There was no fire in the depot stove. There was only one smoky old lamp to see by. The twenty-five minutes slipped away, but there was no train. A quarter of an hour later I rapped at the ticket window. The depot agent, who was also telegraph operator, was in his stall inside, and after a long delay he opened the sash. "Is the train late?" I asked.

"If it isn't on time then it's late, isn't it?" he replied in a surly manner.

"How late is the train?"

"I don't know."

"Well, find out!"

He slammed the sash down on me, but I knocked until he raised it again and demanded in an ugly voice what in Davy Jones I wanted.

"I want to know about that train. It's your business to ascertain and post us. It makes a difference whether we have to wait here one hour or three."

"I don't take orders from passengers!" he curtly replied as he lowered the sash again.

Three minutes later the six of us who had revolvers, shot in a line and fired a volley into his house just above his head. Up went the sash, and he called:

"What's what?"

"It's about that train!"

"It's an hour and a half late!"

"Oh! it's?" What about the fire in the sitting room?"

"I don't know."

"All ready, gentlemen! Take aim! Fire!"

"Good heavens! but what do you mean?" he shouted.

"We want you to build a fire. Either come out or we will shoot!"

He came out and started a fire. He also cleaned and lighted two lamps. He also got us a pitcher and showed us a barrel of new cider, and his interest in our welfare was something touching. He kept us posted on the train every fifteen minutes until it arrived, and it was plainly evident to all that he had resolved to turn over a new leaf.

One night at a hotel in an Indiana town the mosquitoes came into the window in such clouds that I had to get up and close it. Next morning I found a note pinned to my pillow.

"I will pay you for two meals, but not for lodging. It was your duty to have provided against any nuisance that might make me uncomfortable, but you did not do it."

"That will have to pay," he replied. "I shall hold your baggage."

"Then I'll get out a writ of replevin."

He attacked and I replied. Then we had a lawsuit. It cost me four days' time and forty dollars, but I beat him on the point I had raised. He called me a kicker and a mean man, and warned me never to come to his hotel again, but he also went and got mosquito bars for every bedroom window, and all future guests got the benefit of my kick—M. Quaid in New York World.

The First Snow.

The ten-year-old son of a Harlem man was booked to recite a poem at a Sunday school festival. The young man had contracted a severe cold in his head. As near as we can remember it, this was what he said:

THE FIRST SNOW.

What are these beautiful things so bright,
That fall all as if from leaves of light?
Or daisies of frolic and white snow,
Like billows of tiny birds at play?

Far in the south, we dwell, by dear,
Winter is never as winter here,
Doe trees are bare and ice wide flows,
Doe falls that beautiful wad-der, adow!

How long will it fall! All daylight! Oh, see!
It hides the felines, it covers the trees.
O'er earth he dyes ad white snow,
Babes, it frightens be—o'er so all!

"I will fall all fall, through the night so still,
O'er field ad forest, o'er vale ad hill,
Till all, by child, in the morning light,
Sees wrapped ad buried ad abroad of w'it!

"It's God who does it!" he bowed voice said:
"Will again return, or?"

At this point the child took pity on the shrieking audience and sneezed.—New York Mercury.

Next to It.

Peter, who goes to the public school, is not by any means a bad boy, but he is less than average in lessons, and seldom obtains any prizes or rewards.

One day, returning home, he wore a pleased sort of expression which filled his mother with hope.

"You haven't got a prize today?" she asked.

"No," said Peter gleefully, "but I came within one of it!"

"What! Do you mean you were next to the head?"

"Oh, no, but the boy who sits in the seat with me, he got the prize, you see!"

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

NYE, THE HUMORIST.

E. J. EDWARDS WRITES OF ONE WHO ENTERTAINS US.

Bred to the Law, the Most Charming of Modern Jokers Decided to Grow Up with the Country in Laramie, Wyo. His Literary Career—His Home.

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Mr. Nye telegraphs the editor from Asheville, N. C., that he is painfully, though not dangerously, ill there, and will not therefore be able to furnish his usual letter this week. Occasion is therefore taken to offer the readers of this paper an appreciative sketch of the humorist from the pen of E. J. Edwards.

About twelve years ago there began to appear in different newspapers extracts which were said to have been copied from a journal published at Laramie, Wyo., the name of which was alleged to be The Boomerang. The sketches were delicious, but for a long time many of those who enjoyed the humor of them were very doubtful about



EDGAR W. NYE.

the existence of a newspaper with such a seemingly absurd name. However, it began to be understood that a new humorist had arisen and was located on the windy uplands of the northwest, and that his newspaper, The Boomerang, as well as his humor, was genuine.

Thus, ten years earlier, through the medium of the exchange editor, the humor of the Danbury News man, which appeared in a little weekly which he owned, became of great repute, and the droll sketches and dry wit of Burdette in a similar way were brought to public view. The Laramie Boomerang man, Burdette, Bailey, Artemus Ward and the first of all that glorious race of humorists, John Plunkett, the approval of that great class which is the strength of the country and which has but little time for other reading than that which is furnished by the newspapers. These men became popular with the masses, and some of them won not only fame but fortune thereby.

Of course it was asked who this genius of humor of the Wyoming uplands was, and the papers began to circulate a rumor that his name was Bill Nye, and that he was a relative of a man who had won great repute, not only as a statesman, but as a fun lover and maker, the late United States senator, Jim Nye.

Of course every one wondered whether the Bill Nye who was writing, with that spontaneity which is the basis of all genuine humor, The Boomerang sketches was also the Bill Nye whom Bret Harte had immortalized in his "Heathen Chinee." Harte's celebrity had before this been supposed to be a myth, a creature of his fancy, but there were many persons in the east who felt sure that the Bill Nye of the poem and the Bill Nye of The Boomerang could be no other than one and the same person.

It was many months before the public knew that Bill Nye was a non de plume, and that this genius of humor was baptized Edgar Wilson Nye; that he was born near the pine forests of Maine, reared on the frontier of Wisconsin, was bred a lawyer and had ventured as far as Laramie while a young man that he might practice law or grow up with the territory in any way that offered.

He had actually become an officeholder, having been elected a justice of the peace. His office brought him small honor and much misery, but it also gave him, though at the time he little suspected it, a rich fund of experience which is now serving him in drama and higher literature and is giving delight to his almost countless readers.

His business instinct served him well on this occasion. Nine men out of ten would have been only too glad if they were situated as he was to form a staff connected with The World upon terms proposed by that paper, but Nye was wise. He felt that it would be a dangerous thing for a humorist to go to New York city. He doubted whether such a person could maintain himself there, and he believed that the chances were that in the whirl of newspaper life, and especially of a newspaper conducted at such high pressure as is The World, the humorist would be stunned, his work would become forced and artificial, his identity would be lost and he would sink to the dead level of the average.

Nye therefore determined to make a proposition to The World himself. He went offering business, not seeking any employment the paper might have to give. He did not expect that his offer would be entertained, but to his surprise it was. He was engaged to write what he chose, as he chose, over his own de plume, to be subject to none of the restrictions or discipline of the office, and it was common report that he was to receive \$5,000 a year for this undertaking.

This shrewdness of management unquestionably saved Nye from being buried in that mighty wave of literary endeavor which produces anonymously the best in our daily newspapers. It revealed that Nye was as strong in business as he was great in humor, and from that time on his pathway has been one of ever increasing prosperity.

His fame being established, he was able to make other newspaper connections, so that in the course of a year or two he was in receipt of an income of over \$10,000 a year. There were times when Mr. Nye felt some sadness that his reputation should be merely that of a literary jester, but he consoled himself with the thought that he was giving innocent delight to thousands, was providing for his family and also with the hope that in the future he would be able to win a more critical reputation in higher literary endeavor.

Very many documents of Nye's life have been written. Most of them are flippant and many of them are feeble imitations of the humorist's peculiar literary mannerisms. He really deserves more serious treatment. His popularity, which seems undimmed; his great pecuniary successes and his recognition of late by those who have been called the arbiters of literary fame in this country entitle him to something more than a history which is a mere jest.

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He, however, realized this when, to his intense surprise, he found that his sketches were appearing in every newspaper in the land. He had an indistinct idea at once that if these things were worth reprinting they were worth paying for. They brought him nothing but fame in Laramie, and there he received far less appreciation than anywhere else. Fame in that town was not money, and The Boomerang gave up the ghost.

Nye had determined that it was his duty to cultivate this talent, because he saw in it an opportunity to gain, at least, a fair support, but while he was turning over in his mind the course best to pursue, he was brought to death's door by an attack of meningitis, and when he was recovering from that he was the victim of a cyclone